BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

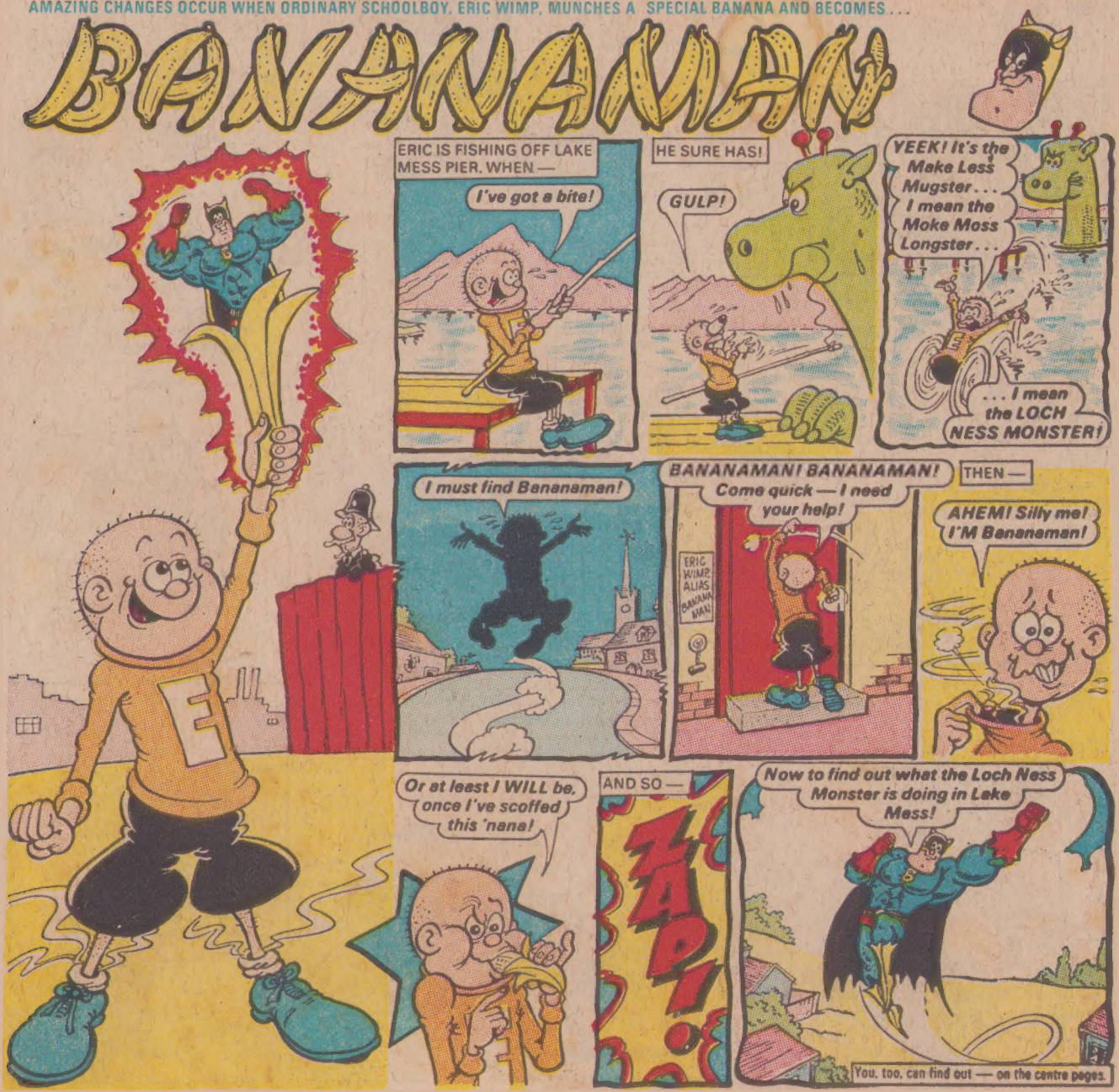
NUTTY

IR-17p (Inc. VAT)

No. 103 January 30th, 1982 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

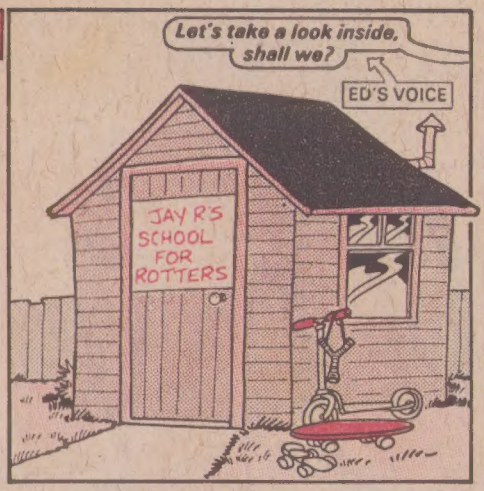
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

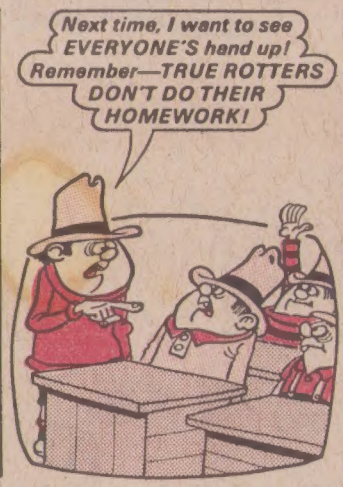
BANANAMAN

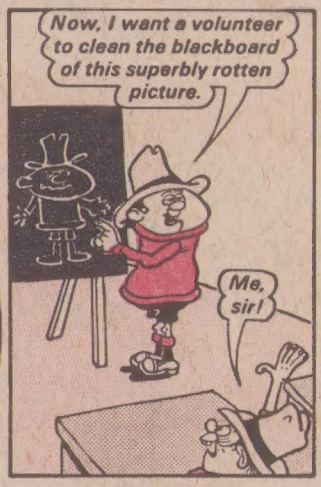

ERIC IS FISHING OFF LAKE MESS PIER. WHEN —
I've got a bite!
HE SURE HAS!
GULP!
YEEK! It's the Make Less Mugster . . . I mean the Moke Moss Longster . . .
. . . I mean the LOCH NESS MONSTER!
I must find Bananaman!
BANANAMAN! BANANAMAN! Come quick — I need your help!
ERIC WIMP, ALIAS BANANA MAN!
THEN —
AHEM! Silly me! I'M Bananaman!
Or at least I WILL be, once I've scoffed this 'nana!
AND SO —
ZAP!
Now to find out what the Loch Ness Monster is doing in Lake Mess!
You, too, can find out — on the centre pages.

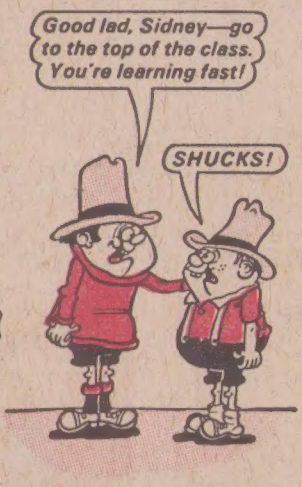
JAY R. HOOD

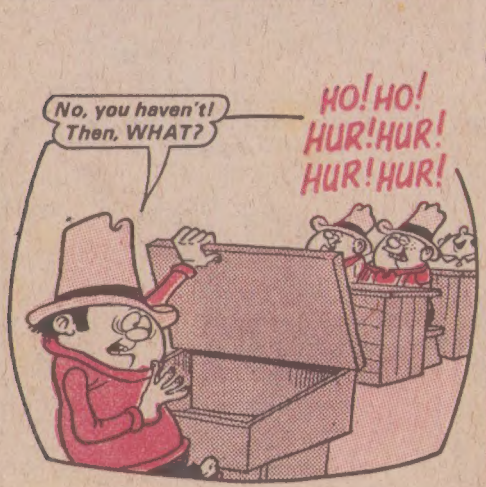
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

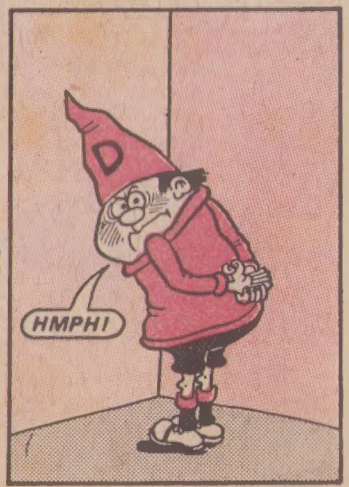








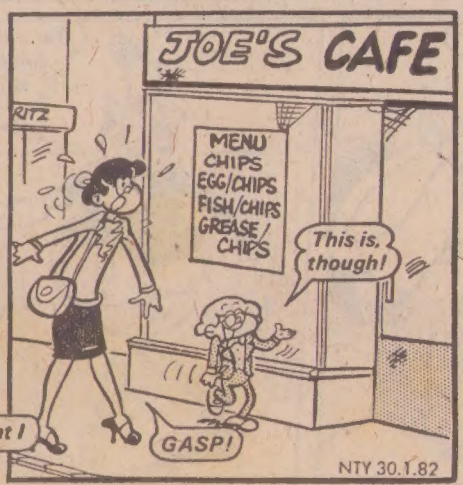




NTY 30.1.82

PETER Pest

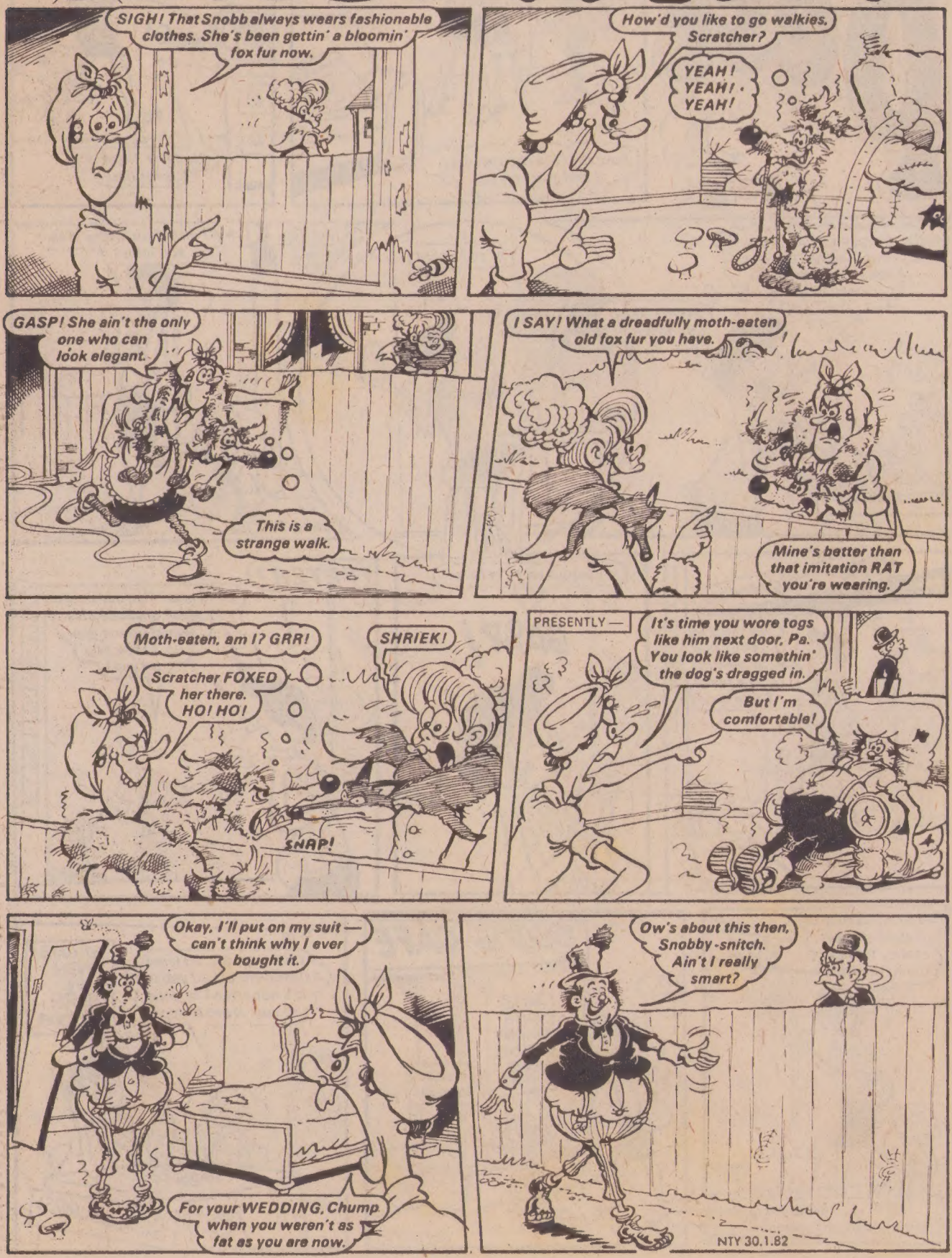
Hello, Gorgeous. Fancy going out tonight? I'll see you at seven o'clock at the Ritz!
SIGH! Okay, Handsome!
I'm so happy!
DAB!
AND SO—
I'm off on a date, Peter. See you later!
Er... Okay, Sis!



Cheer up, Sis. At least SOMEONE asked you out. It's not often I'm good to you. Have a chip!
NO CATS! EVEN IN HERE SIGNED Joe.
GROAN!
POP
JUST CHIPS AND CHIPS!

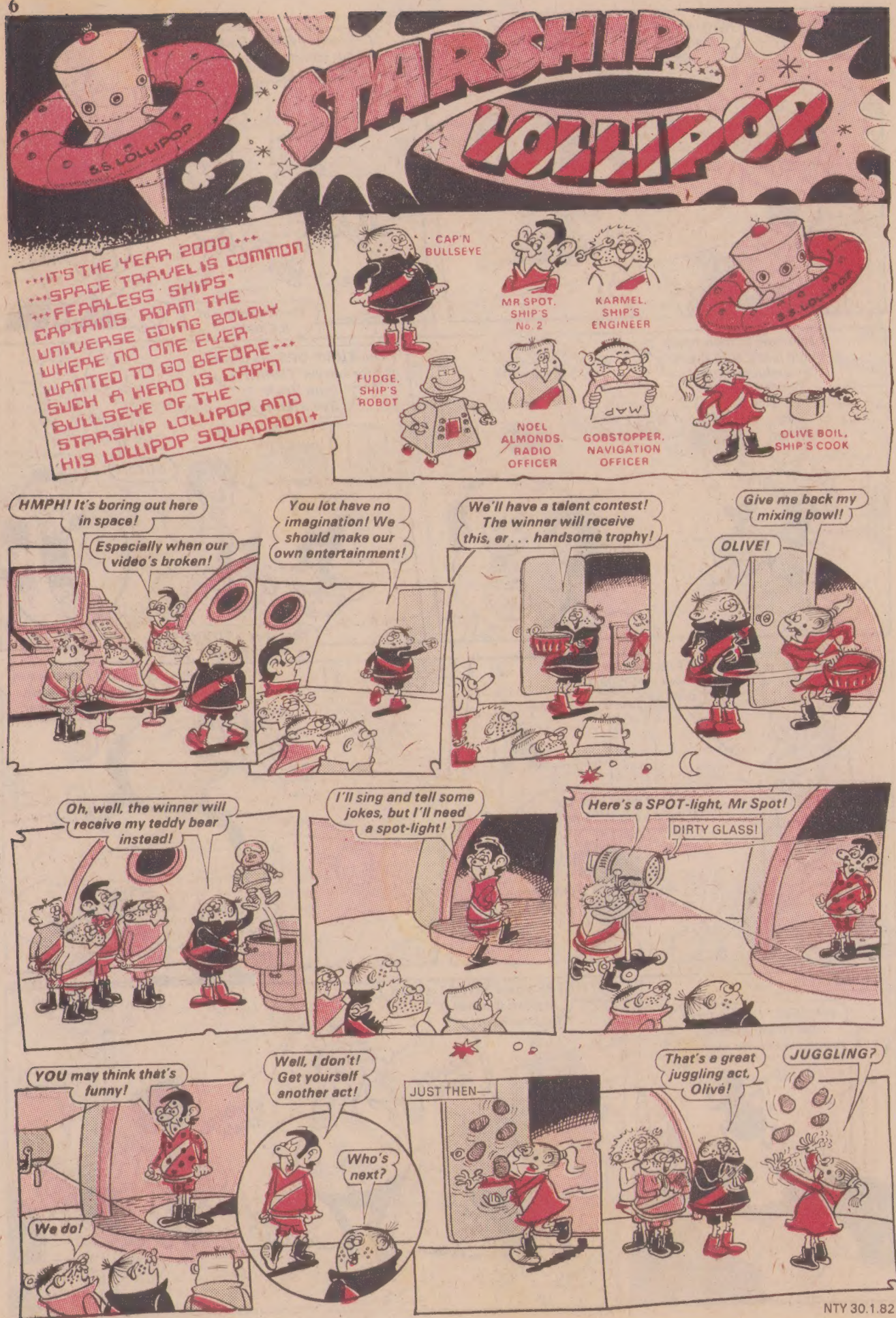
NTY 30.1.82

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


SIGH! That Snobb always wears fashionable clothes. She's been gettin' a bloomin' fox fur now.
How'd you like to go walkies, Scratcher?
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!
GASP! She ain't the only one who can look elegant.
This is a strange walk.
I SAY! What a dreadfully moth-eaten old fox fur you have.
Mine's better than that imitation RAT you're wearing.
Moth-eaten, am I? GRR!
SHRIEK!
Scratcher FOXED her there. HO! HO!
SNAP!
PRESENTLY —
It's time you wore togs like him next door, Pa. You look like somethin' the dog's dragged in.
But I'm comfortable!
Okay, I'll put on my suit — can't think why I ever bought it.
For your WEDDING, Chump when you weren't as fat as you are now.
Ow's about this then, Snobby-snitch. Ain't I really smart?
NTY 30.1.82

HAR! HAR! What a RIPPING suit, old boy!
Oo-er!
Thanks awfully, Daddy, for our smart new tracksuits!
Bah! It would make you sick.
Think nothing of it, Children.
Just look at their nasty old jeans with these awful turn-ups.
TUM-TI-TUM!
Our TURN-UPS are great for carryin' TURNIPS from Uncle Syd's farm.
OUCH!
That was a TURNIP for the book!
NEXT MORNING —
BAH! That Snobb show-off's got a new wet-look coat now.
It suits him, 'cos he's a big WET himself!
MEANWHILE —
GASP! I've slept-in again. Scratcher, gimme my paper.
SECONDS LATER —
WHEEZE! I never have time to get properly togged-up in the mornin'.
HA! HA! Pa's new SWEAT-LOOK fashion is a real knockout!
ARMPIT PONG
STUNNING STINK
PHOOEY FEET
BUS STOP
UGH!
NTY 30.1.82

STARSHIP LOLLIPOP


S.S. LOLLIPOP
...IT'S THE YEAR 2000...
...SPACE TRAVEL IS COMMON
...FEARLESS SHIPS' CAPTAINS ROAM THE UNIVERSE GOING BOLDLY WHERE NO ONE EVER WANTED TO GO BEFORE...
SUCH A HERO IS CAP'N BULLSEYE OF THE STARSHIP LOLLIPOP AND HIS LOLLIPOP SQUADRON+
CAP'N BULLSEYE
MR SPOT, SHIP'S No. 2
KARMEL, SHIP'S ENGINEER
FUDGE, SHIP'S ROBOT
NOEL ALMONDS, RADIO OFFICER
GOBSTOPPER, NAVIGATION OFFICER
OLIVE BOIL, SHIP'S COOK
HMPH! It's boring out here in space!
Especially when our video's broken!
You lot have no imagination! We should make our own entertainment!
We'll have a talent contest! The winner will receive this, er . . . handsome trophy!
Give me back my mixing bowl!
OLIVE!
Oh, well, the winner will receive my teddy bear instead!
I'll sing and tell some jokes, but I'll need a spot-light!
Here's a SPOT-light, Mr Spot!
DIRTY GLASS!
YOU may think that's funny!
We do!
Well, I don't! Get yourself another act!
Who's next?
JUST THEN—
That's a great juggling act, Olive!
JUGGLING?

YOU try holding newly-baked potatoes!
YAA-IEE!!
OOH! Who's going to perform now?
Me, Cap'n!
I did it my way, in the Milky Way!
Didn't know Noel could sing! He's great!
Buy White Star washing powder...
Eh? Who said that?
... And the next record is...
Cheat! That song came from the radio!
Well I AM the radio officer!
What we need for our talent show is a big star!
Er, like the one behind you, Cap'n?
YAARGH! We're going to crash!
Must save the ship! I'll switch on the computer steering!
Ahem! That's the button for the coffee machine!
ULP! Must be one of these!
PRESS!
CLICK!
UNNGFF!!!
THUD!
Wrong again, Cap'n!
THAT'S the one this time, Cap'n!
COMPUTER STEERING
CLICK!
S.S. LOLLIPOP CHANGES COURSE—JUST IN TIME!
WHOOSH!
Brilliant! Wonderful! Great!
No need to thank me for saving the ship!
CLAP! CLAP!
It's not that, Cap'n...
... We're awarding you the teddy bear! That was the FUNNIEST act we've seen in years!
GAAH!

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!

Freddie Kidd, the stunt-rider, is attempting a World record today, Scoopy. See what you can get!

BONK!

WHEE!

Okay, Boss!

LATER—

This is the place!

BUT—

Hey, you lot! Out of the way and let a dog do his job!

Huh! It'll take more than a bunch of autograph hunters to stop me getting a story!

AND SO—

Quiet, please. Mr Kidd is about to make his first attempt.

VROOM!

HE'S OFF!

Hi! Scoopy here—" Nutty News ". Glad to have a chance to speak to you on your own!

YAAA...

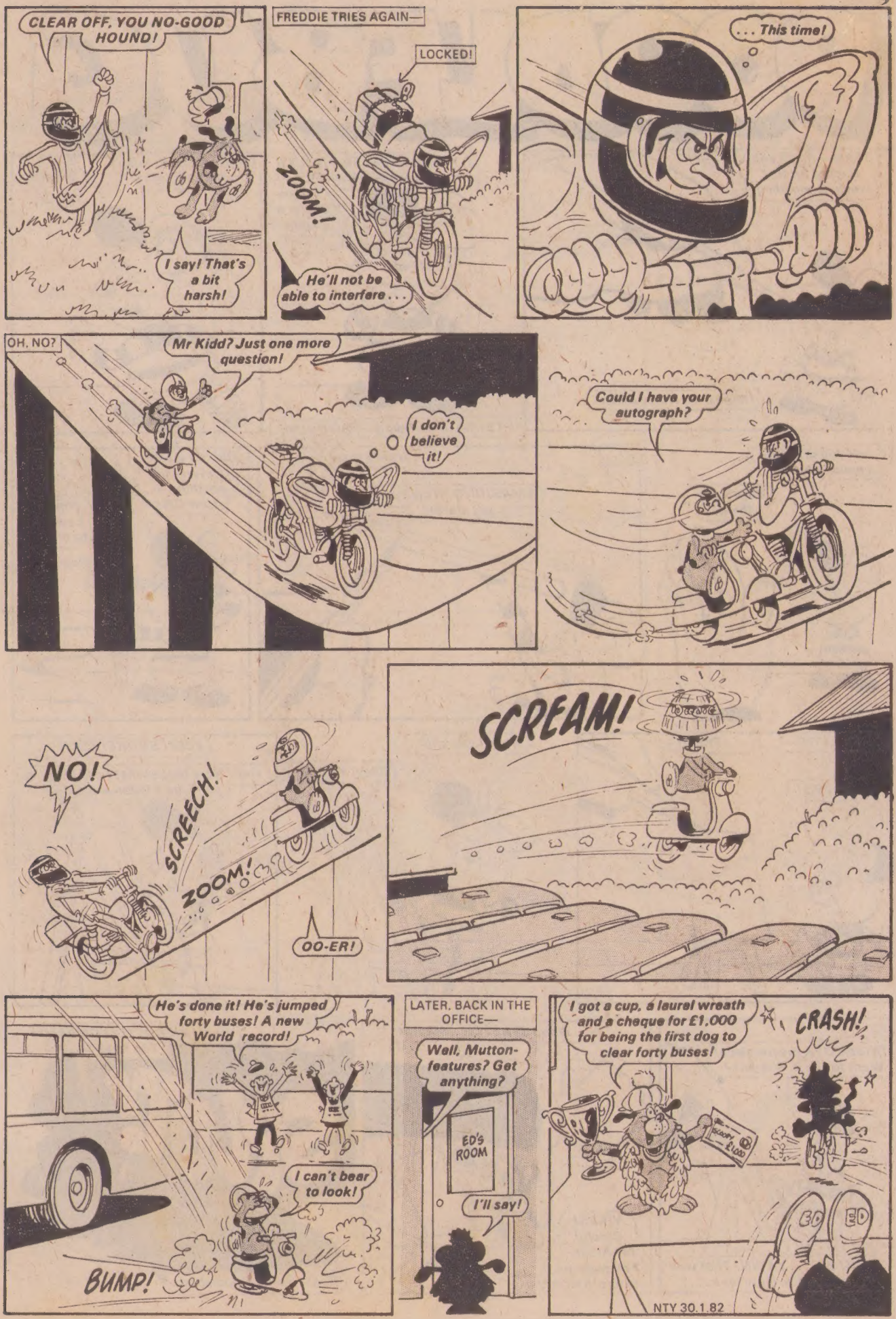
...AAGH!

DOOF!

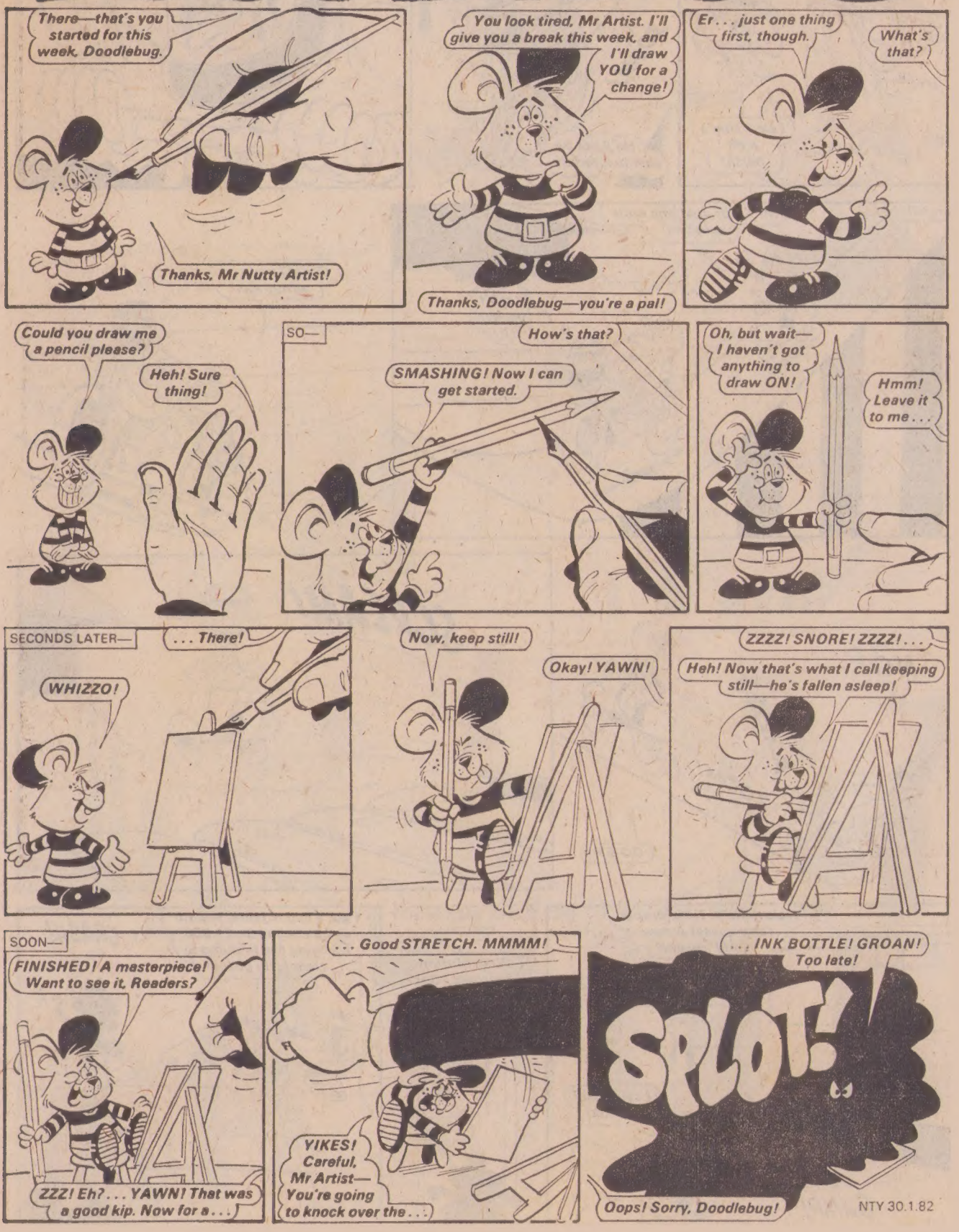
NTY 30.1.82

Now where were we? Er... when did you first take up World Record-breaking?

FUME! SNARL! GNASH!


CLEAR OFF, YOU NO-GOOD HOUND!
I say! That's a bit harsh!
FREDDIE TRIES AGAIN—
LOCKED!
ZOOM!
He'll not be able to interfere . . .
. . . This time!
OH, NO?
Mr Kidd? Just one more question!
I don't believe it!
Could I have your autograph?
NO!
SCREECH!
ZOOM!
OO-ER!
SCREAM!
He's done it! He's jumped forty buses! A new World record!
I can't bear to look!
BUMP!
LATER, BACK IN THE OFFICE—
Well, Mutton-features? Get anything?
ED'S ROOM
I'll say!
I got a cup, a laurel wreath and a cheque for £1,000 for being the first dog to clear forty buses!
CRASH!
ED
ED
NTY 30.1.82

DOODLEBUG


There—that's you started for this week, Doodlebug.
Thanks, Mr Nutty Artist!
You look tired, Mr Artist. I'll give you a break this week, and I'll draw YOU for a change!
Thanks, Doodlebug—you're a pal!
Er . . . just one thing first, though.
What's that?
Could you draw me a pencil please?
Heh! Sure thing!
SO—
How's that?
SMASHING! Now I can get started.
Oh, but wait—I haven't got anything to draw ON!
Hmm! Leave it to me . . .
SECONDS LATER—
. . . There!
WHIZZO!
Now, keep still!
Okay! YAWN!
ZZZZ! SNORE! ZZZZ! . . .
Heh! Now that's what I call keeping still—he's fallen asleep!
SOON—
FINISHED! A masterpiece! Want to see it, Readers?
ZZZ! Eh? . . . YAWN! That was a good kip. Now for a . . .
. . . Good STRETCH. MMMM!
YIKES! Careful, Mr Artist—You're going to knock over the . . .
. . . INK BOTTLE! GROAN! Too late!
SPLOT!
Oops! Sorry, Doodlebug!
NTY 30.1.82

SPORTS FAN

'SME!

NNNNN

TINNED FRUIT

. . . UH? . . . Shopping's so boring, I must have fallen asleep!

ULP! The shop's closed, and I'm LOCKED IN! I'll have to find something to do.

SPECIAL OFFER

SO—

BREAD

And a great stroke from Boycott! He really used his LOAF!

THEN—

Time for some . . .

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

MELON

. . . Ten-BOTTLE bowling!

COOKING OIL

A strike! A FRUITFUL shot!

Winter sports time!

And it's Fan on her bobsleigh on the icy Cresta Run!

FROZEN FOODS

OOPS!

SPECIAL OFFER

What's going on? Locked in, were you?

Hi, Fan! It must be boring for girls going shopping!

HEALTH CLUB

SUPA-SAVE

Shopping? I've been playing cricket and ten-pin bowling and went for a bobsleigh ride!

UH?

That gave him some FOOD for thought!

NTY 30 1.82

BANANA

Continued from front page

I'll soon get to the bottom of this!

SPLOSH!

AHA! Methinks I have found it!

SO—

GOTCHA! Now to take you back to Loch Ness where you belong!

BUT—

Er-hum! Would you mind putting me back where you found me?

It's no use trying to reason with me!

That's true.

Just a moment—I didn't know monsters could TALK!

NO—but the CAPTAIN of a NAVAL SUBMARINE can!

OOPS! I've made a boo-boo!

We're testing this top secret new sub. We're constantly on the lookout for spies.

HMM! Then I suspect that the creature I'm after is nothing more than a heavily-disguised enemy sub, full of SPIES!

SO—

There it is, by jingo!

Got you, you fiend. Now to find out who's behind this.

ZOINKS! I feel all weak and dizzy.

Of course you do!

A SPY

We knew you'd try to capture us so we coated our sub with MOON CHEESE!

M-MOON CHEESE! GASP! It saps my powers!

Exactly! And now you are powerless to stop us!

I'm doomed!

But, half a mo! Perhaps not! I still have one trick up my sleeve . . .

. . . Namely, BANANAMOUSE!

TA-RA!

THEN—

NOSH TIME, 'NANAMOUSE!

YAHOO!

GOBBLE!

SOON—

BURP!

Well done, little pal!

Now I've got to bring those spies to justice. But I mustn't go near their cheese-covered sub, so . . .

LOCH NESS

McHOI!

LOCH NESS

. . . Come on, Nessie—I've got someone I'd like you to meet.

SOON

You've got a rival in ENGLAND! See?

WH-WHAT?

Go get her!

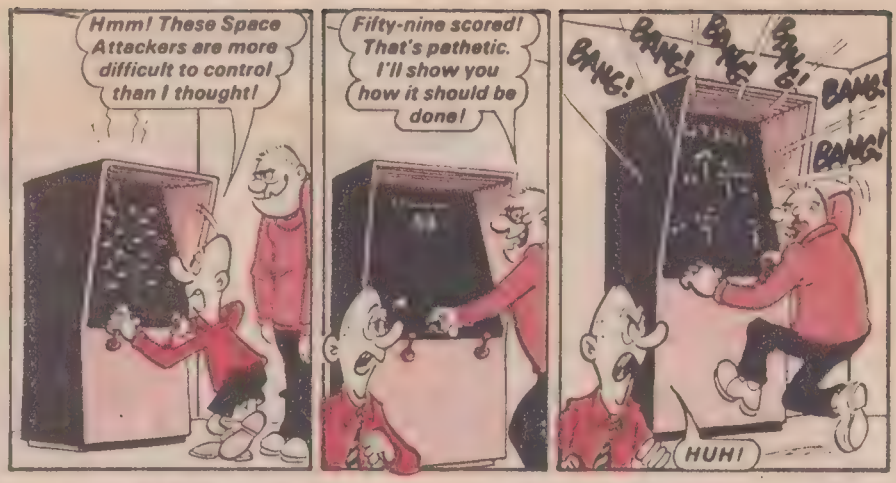
Steal my act, would ye? Ya miserable, no good SASSENACH!

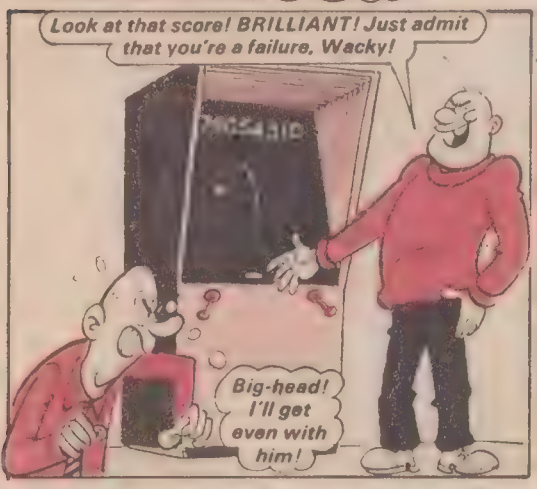
OCH! Ah've seen more fight from a HAGGIS! Call yourself a MONSTER?

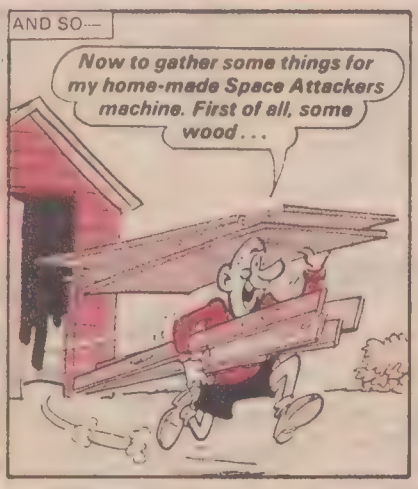
Don't worry, Fans—as soon as I've locked this pair up, I'll return Nessie to Scotland.

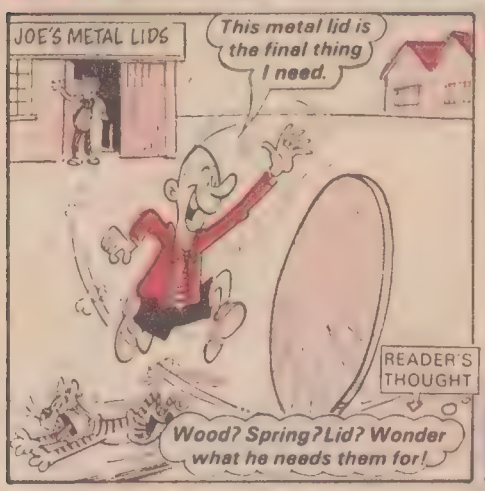
NTY 30.1.82

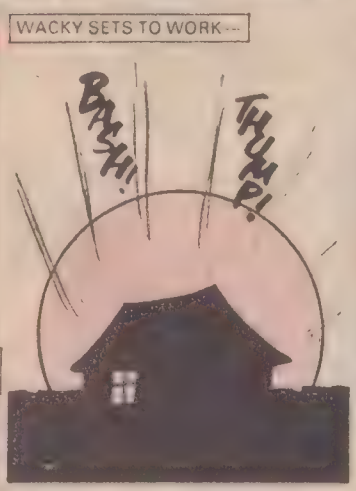
WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

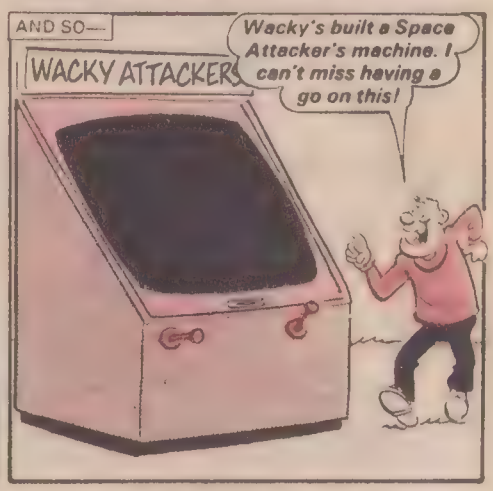


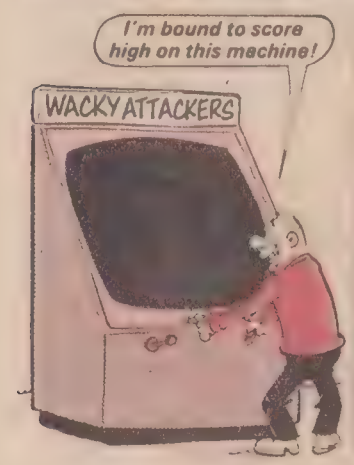


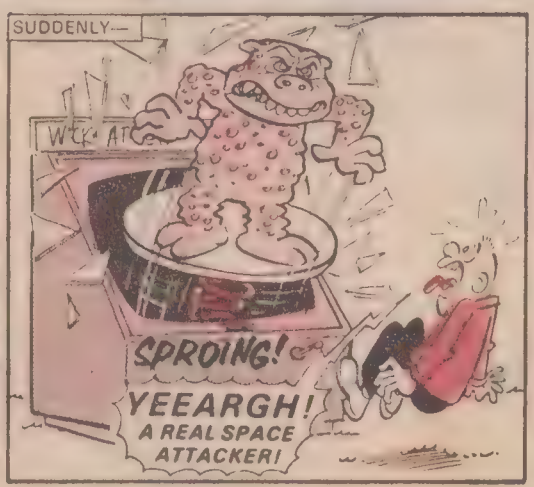












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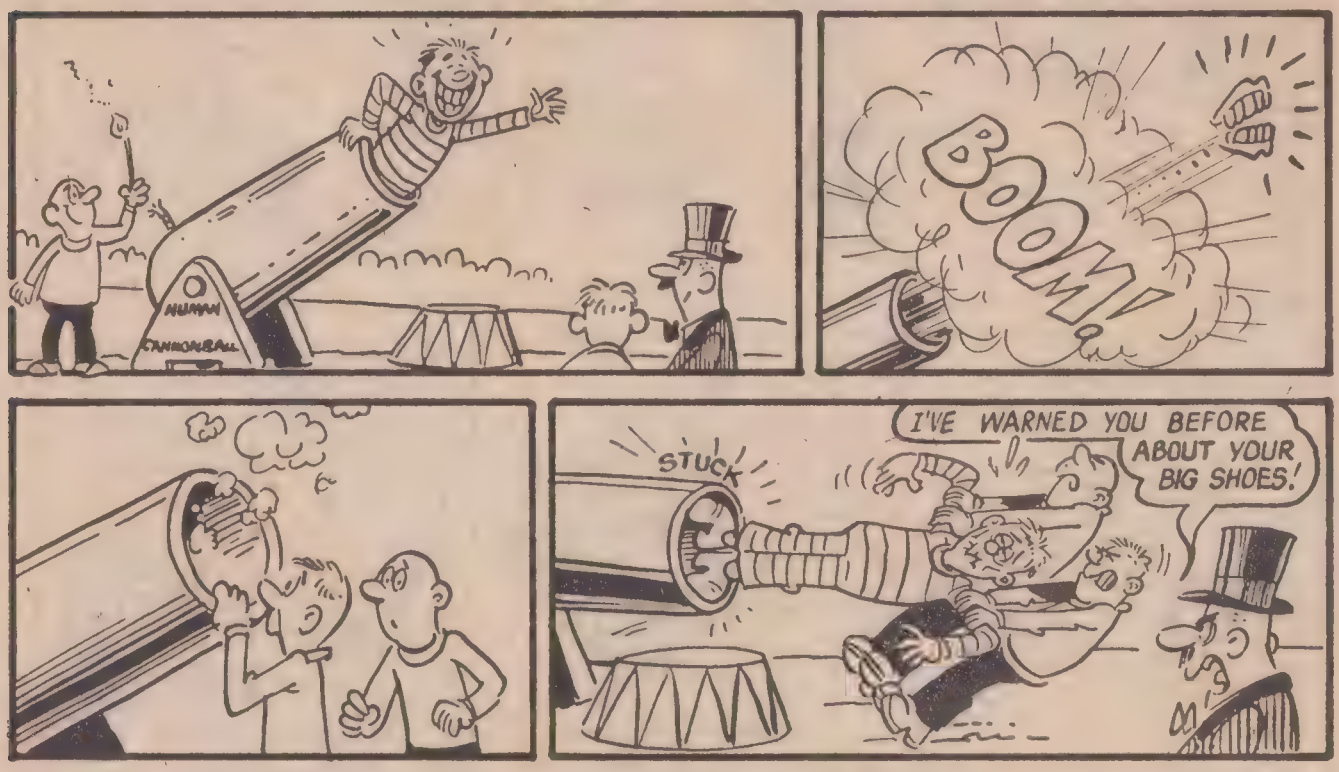
NUTTY TALES



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NTY 30.1.82

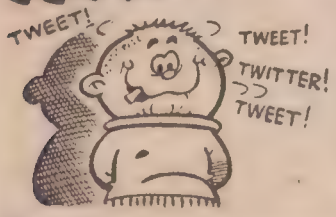
THIS COULD BE YOU!!

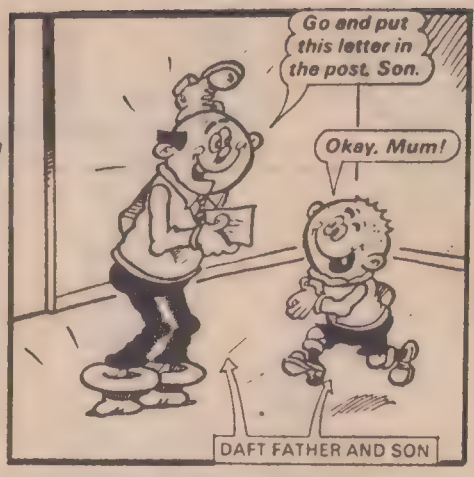
I'M NUTTY ABOUT BANANAMAN

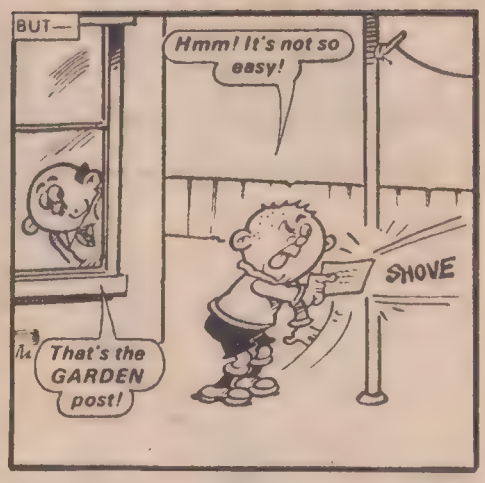
IN YOUR NEW
BANANAMAN T-SHIRT

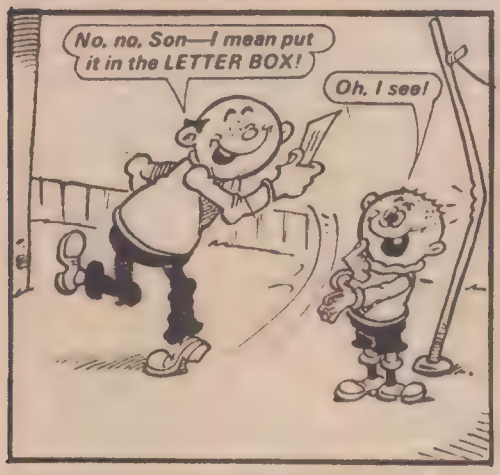
See page 22!!

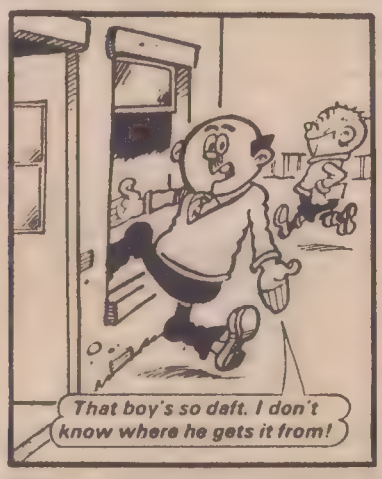
TWEET WILLIAM

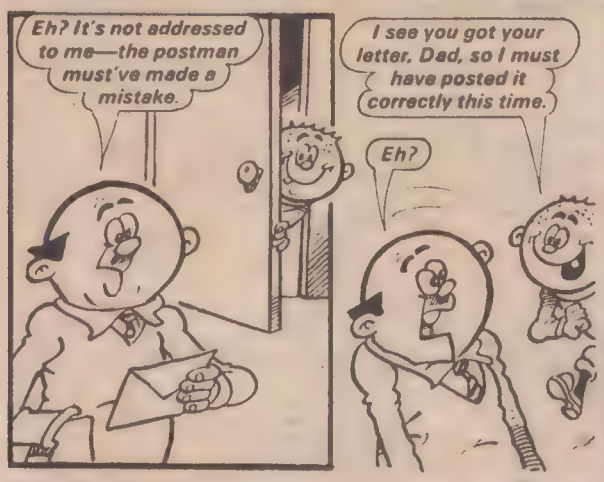


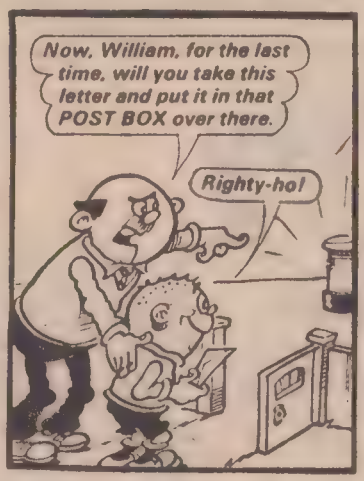


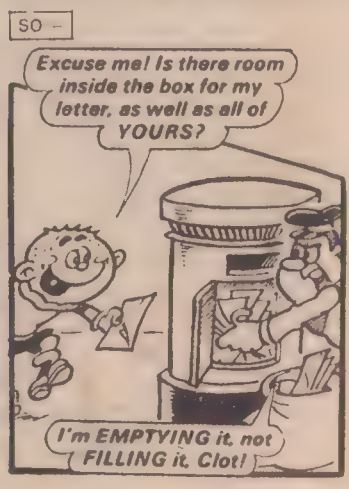


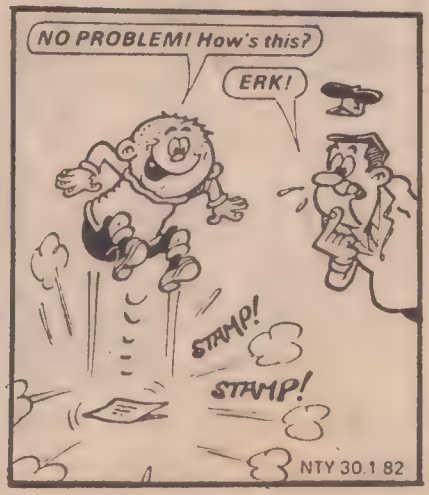





Eh? It's not addressed to me—the postman must've made a mistake.
I see you got your letter, Dad, so I must have posted it correctly this time.
Eh?







ROCKY
I'm off skiing, Dad!
UH? He doesn't have any skis!
HE DOES NOW, DAD!
My fence!
Come back and fix that fence, Rocky!
THAT'S where I'M going!
TO SKI LIFT
Up I go!
WAY DOWN
SKI LIFT
WHEE! I'm fast!
OH-OH! THIS BLOKE'S EVEN FASTER, ROCKY!
ERK!
BUMP!
ULP! This route's a bit steep!
And this snow's all spotty!
I say! What's tickling my tonsils?
HELP!
WHOOSH!
ZOOM!
Sounds as if Rocky's back . . .
CRASH!
. . . And I see he's fixed my fence for me!
NTY 30 1 82

THE WILD

HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY

HAW! HAW! That should be a laugh!

INSIDE :-
A LECTURE ON DOG-CATCHING by BASIL CRUMB

. . . And that's what being a top dog-catcher like me is all about. Now, are there any questions you'd like to ask?

Er . . . yes, Mr Crumb. Would you tell us how you got those medals you're wearing?

I got this one for quick thinking . . .

Oh . . . er, certainly!

. . . I'd caught a couple of strays on a building site . . .

GOT YOU!

. . . Suddenly, one of their pals poured quick-setting cement all over my feet . . .

TIP

SPLOT!

. . . It was then my quick thinking came into action!

. . . Using my skill with a catapult . . .

TWANG!

. . . Or in this case, a pair of braces . . .

. . . I captured three strays without even moving!

SLIP SLIDE SKID

CRASH!

Now, this medal I got for keeping cool and being cunning . . .

NTY 30.1.82

ROVERS

. . . I was trapped by a big, vicious dog. Things looked desperate . . .

H-how long have I got?

You've got two min . . . OOORF!

BASH!

Clever me! TITTER!

He was out cold, of course! Now, I got this medal for bravery . . .

Really?

. . . I started off hang-gliding . . .

. . . And swam across a fast-flowing river . . .

. . . Then scaled a 200-foot cliff!

You did all that just to catch stray dogs?

Oh, no! That's how I get to work if I miss my bus.

I got this medal for . . .

FIFTY PENCE! That's what you paid for ALL your medals at my junk shop!

SO! He made all those stories up, eh? Let's teach him a lesson!

Get him!

EMERGENCY EXIT

Er . . . must go! TA-TA!

HAW! HAW! HAW! Basil deserves a couple of medals for tall story-telling, and RUNNING!

ARF! ARF!

GRR! Fibber!

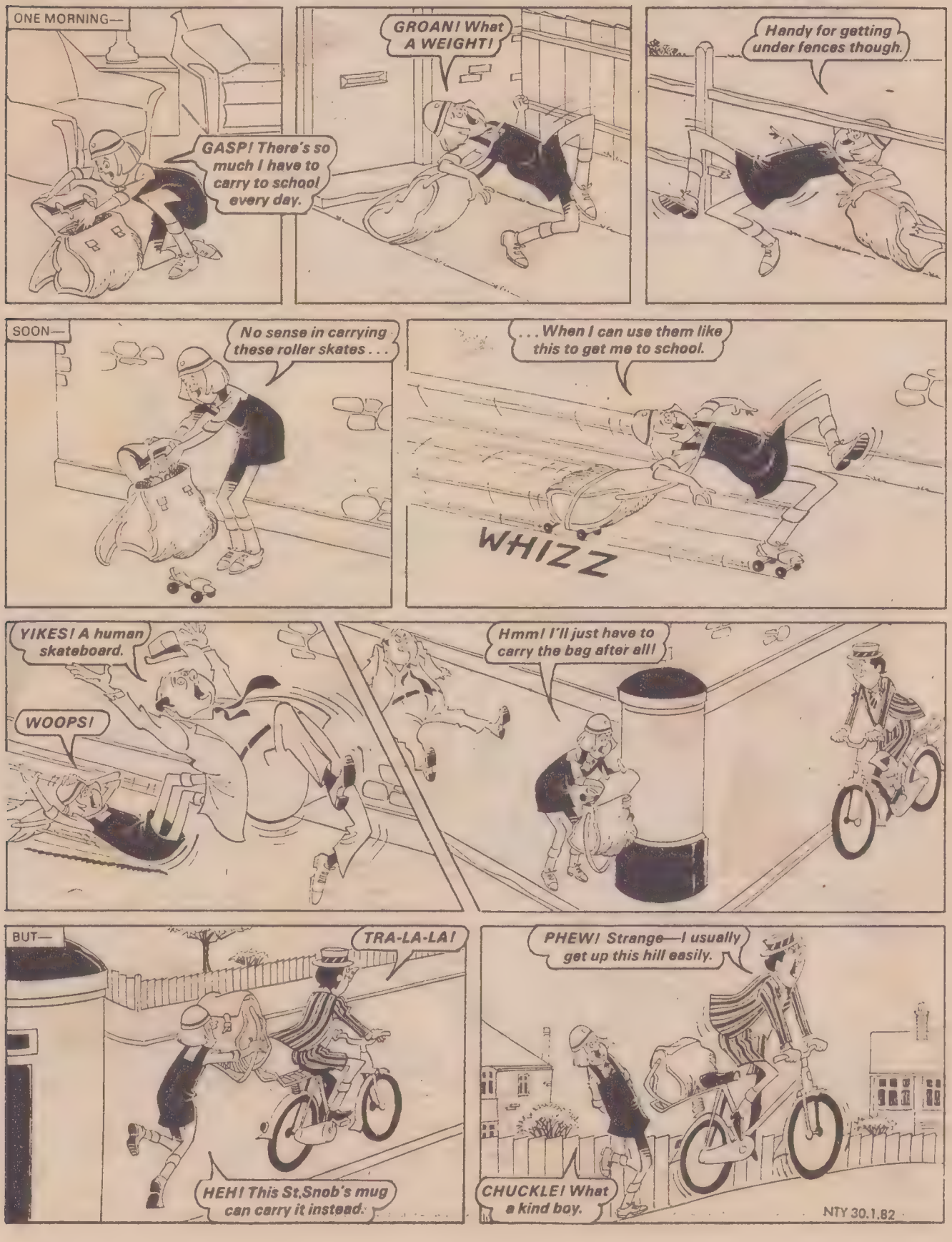
Have us on, would you?

HELP!

NTY 30.1.82

The School Belles

DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD


ONE MORNING—
GASP! There's so much I have to carry to school every day.
GROAN! What A WEIGHT!
Handy for getting under fences though.
SOON—
No sense in carrying these roller skates . . .
. . . When I can use them like this to get me to school.
WHIZZ
YIKES! A human skateboard.
WOOPS!
Hmm! I'll just have to carry the bag after all!
BUT—
TRA-LA-LA!
HEH! This St.Snob's mug can carry it instead.
PHEW! Strange—I usually get up this hill easily.
CHUCKLE! What a kind boy.

NTY 30.1.82

SHORTLY—
I'll have my bag back now . . . WOW!
YANK
Thank goodness it's downhill now.
Not far to go to school now!
FIVE PAST NINE—
GRR! Where is that terrible girl, Violet?
Oh- oh! I'm late, but Miss Buttercup hasn't spotted me yet.
My bag and I will simply have to take a short-cut.
UP, UP AND AWAY!
ZOOM!
Good morning, Violet!
UGH! 'Morning, all!
KERRUMPH!
V-Violet, you're here?!? Er, right, let me see your homework.
Yes, Miss! Right away, Miss!
BUT—
Ahem! I didn't have room in my bag for it, Miss!
I don't believe it!
HA! HA! HA!
NUTTY
NTY 30.1.82

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS

A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT WILL BE SENT TO EVERY READER WHOSE LETTER IS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

A HURRY-CANE!

GLENN COADY, ABERDEEN.

BANANAMAN

DAVID GILL, CHESTER.

BANANAFAN

GEORGIA BASTEN, MIDDLESEX.

Dear Bananaman,
Every time I get NUTTY delivered to my house, my mum tells me to get washed and dressed first.
After I'm dressed, I don't have time to read my NUTTY because it's time to go to school.
What do you say to this, Bananaman?
JAMES POWER, ST NEOTS.

Just one thing! Why don't you ask your mother to hold your NUTTY open so you can read it while you get ready for school?!

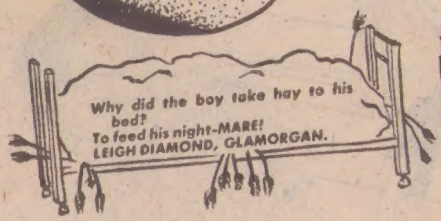
Man:- "Well, Lad? How are your marks at school?"
Boy:- "Underwater, sir."
Man:- "What d'you mean, 'underwater'?"
Boy:- "They're all below 'C' level!"
PAUL McCANN, LYTHAM.

SHARON PATTON, CO. ARMAGH.

What lives in the sea and pulls teeth?
A dental STURGEON!
ROBIN WESTON, LYDIATE.

Don't forget to include your name, address and T-shirt size in your letters, fans!

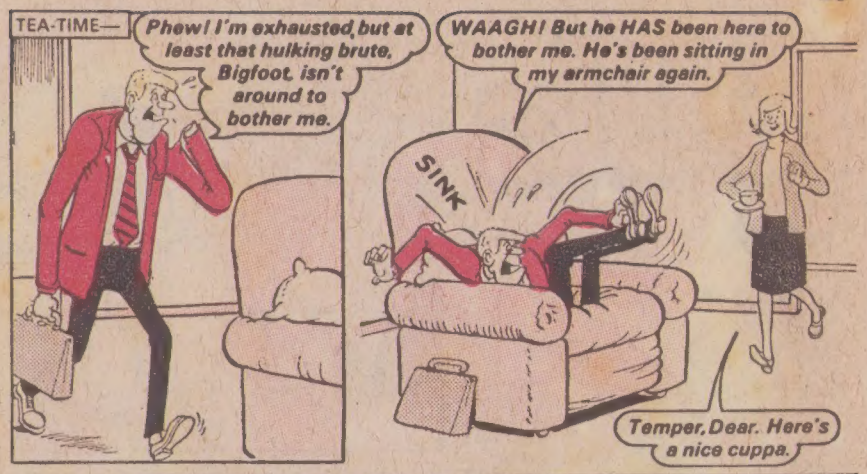
What did the lemon say to the orange?
"Have we been introJUICED?"
PETER BENNETT, BIRMINGHAM.

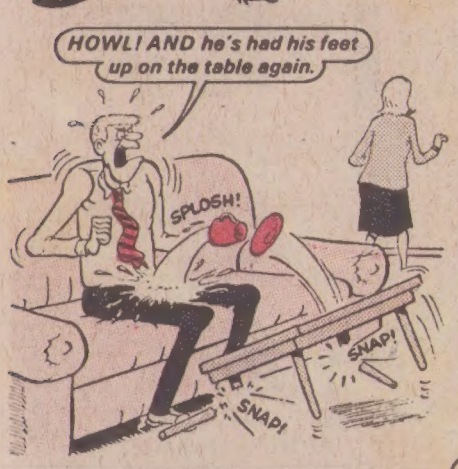


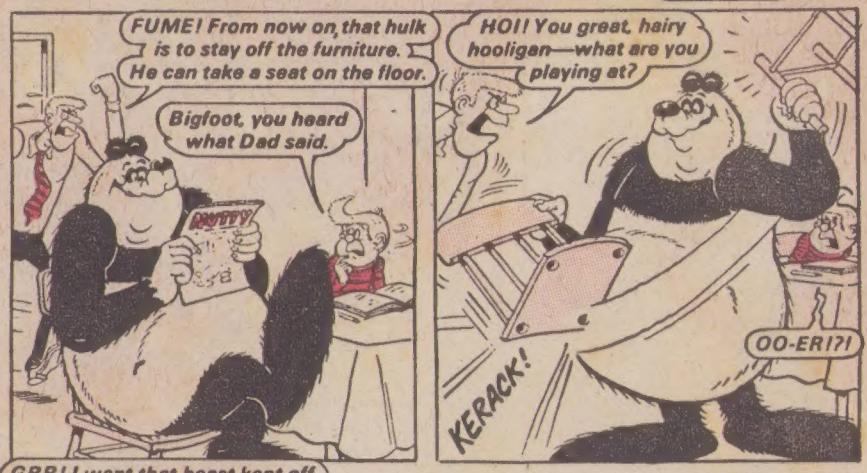
Why did the boy take hay to his bed?
To feed his night-MARE!
LEIGH DIAMOND, GLAMORGAN.

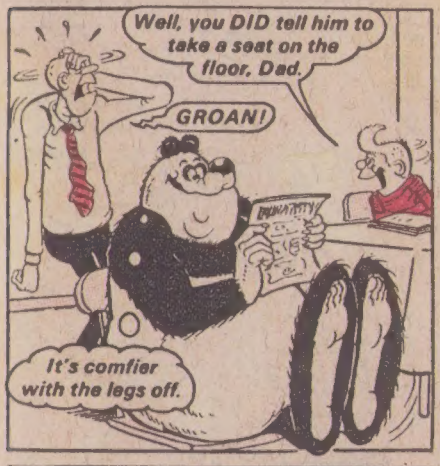
What are the three inventions that have helped man get up in the world? The LIFT, the ESCALATOR and the ALARM CLOCK!
JUSTIN TAYLOR, LANCS.

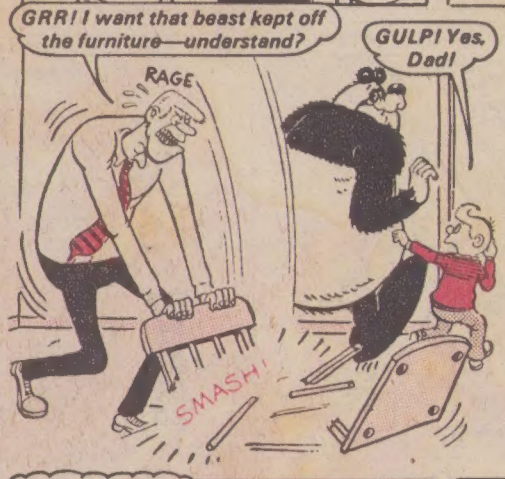
Bigfoot


TEA-TIME—
Phew! I'm exhausted, but at least that hulking brute, Bigfoot, isn't around to bother me.
WAAGH! But he HAS been here to bother me. He's been sitting in my armchair again.
SINK
Temper, Dear. Here's a nice cuppa.

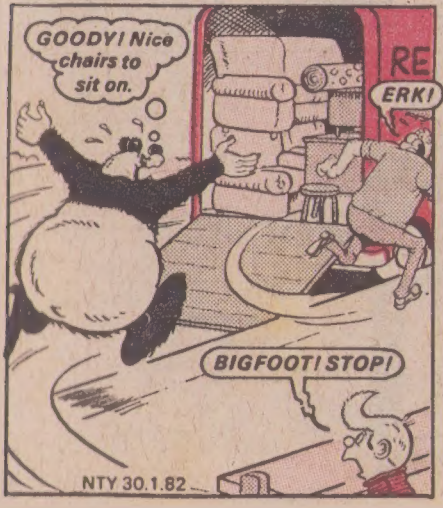

HOWL! AND he's had his feet up on the table again.
SPLOSH!
SNAP!
SNAP!

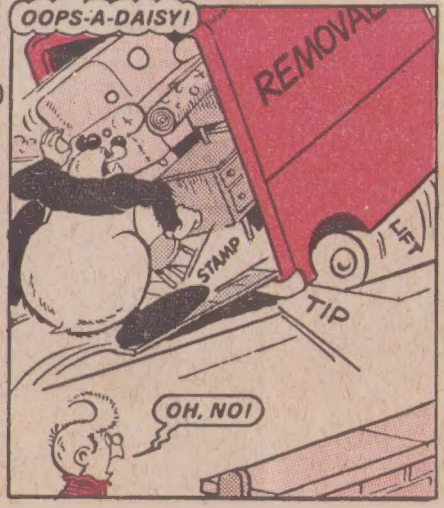

FUME! From now on, that hulk is to stay off the furniture. He can take a seat on the floor.
Bigfoot, you heard what Dad said.
HOI! You great, hairy hooligan—what are you playing at?
KERACK!
OO-ERI?!

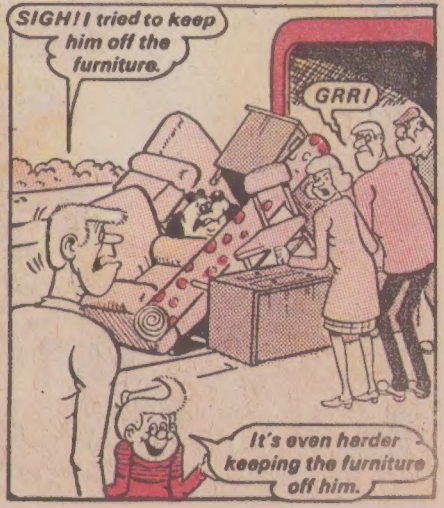

Well, you DID tell him to take a seat on the floor, Dad.
GROAN!
It's comfier with the legs off.


GRR! I want that beast kept off the furniture—understand?
GULP! Yes, Dad!
RAGE
SMASH!

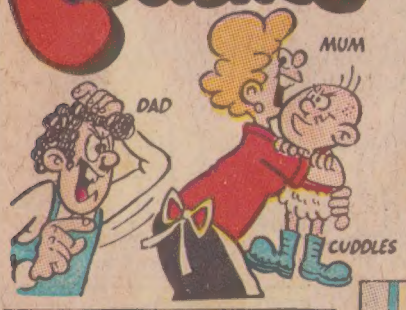
COO! Look, Bigfoot—we've got new neighbours moving in!
YAWN! I need a seat.

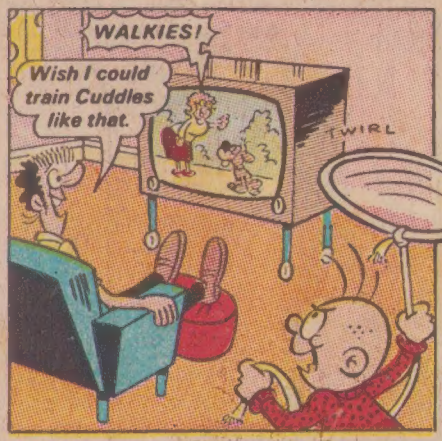

GOODY! Nice chairs to sit on.
RE
ERK!
BIGFOOT! STOP!
NTY 30.1.82

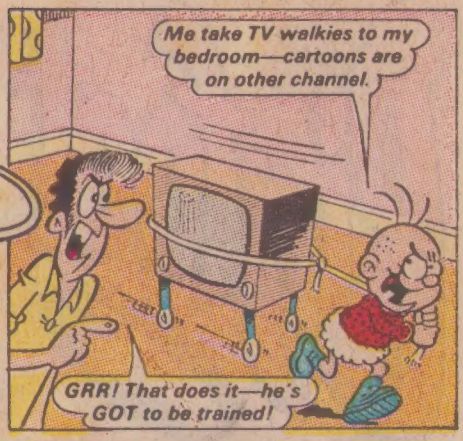

OOPS-A-DAISY!
REMOVAL
STAMP
LIFT
TIP
OH, NO!

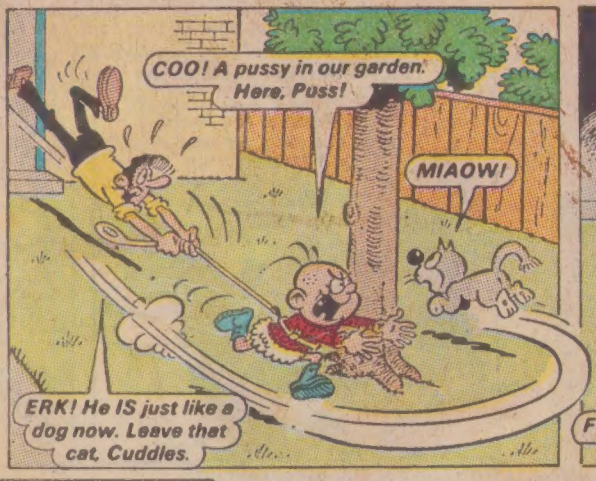

SIGH! I tried to keep him off the furniture.
GRR!
It's even harder keeping the furniture off him.

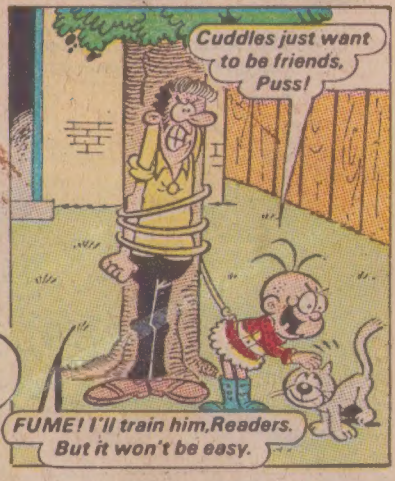
Cuddles

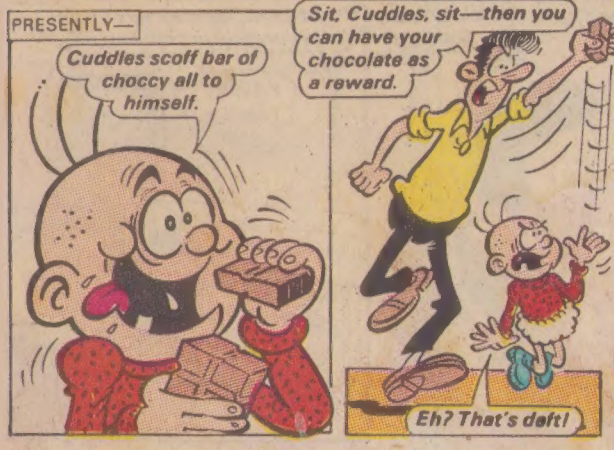


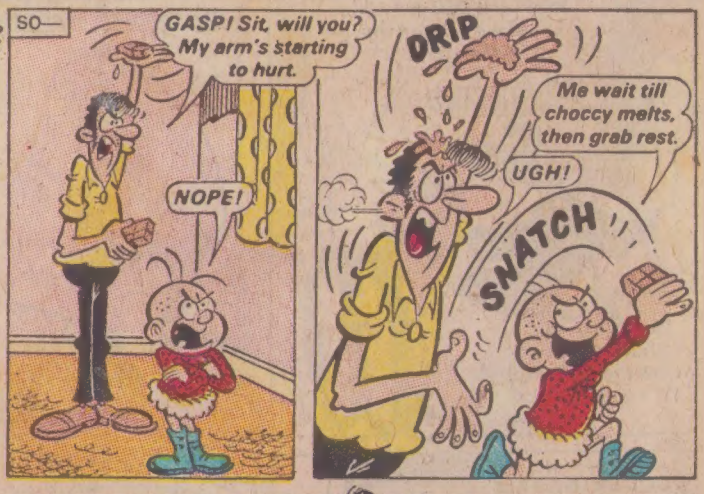


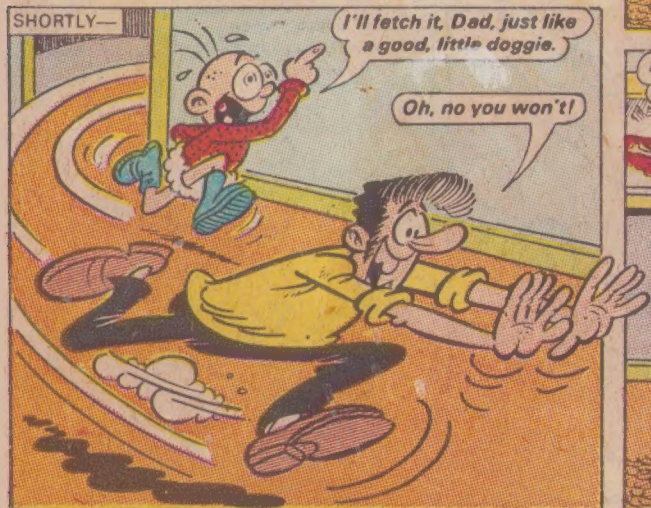


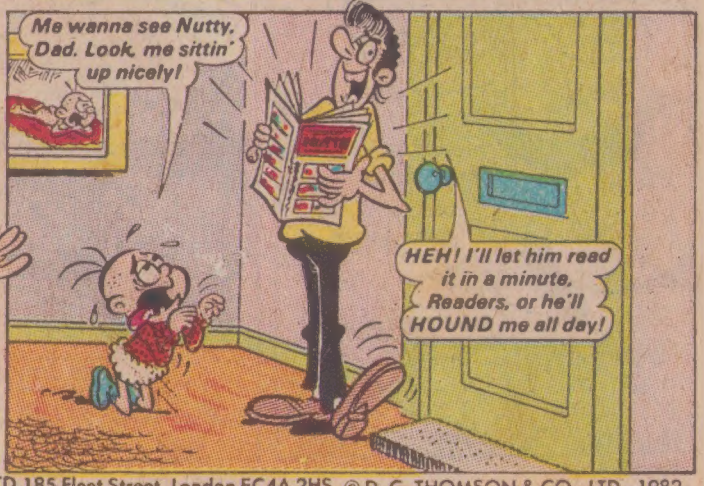





PRESENTLY—
Cuddles scoff bar of choccy all to himself.
Sit, Cuddles, sit—then you can have your chocolate as a reward.
Eh? That's daft!







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